

GROCERIES, ETC.
M. REILLY,
WHOLESALE
GROCER, PORK PACKER,
AND CANNER OF THE
Celebrated "Red Bird Hams"
Nos. 1309 and 1311 MAIN STREET,
WHEELING, W. Va.
My own sure of canner Smoked Meats delivered
daily from my Fort House at Manchester.
The Largest Stock of
General Groceries in the State.

Patient and Family Flour.
Sole control in this city of
"Pearls" Pastry.
"Fancies,"
"Our Favorite Family,"
Finest in the market.

Sale Agent for DuPont's Sporting, Mining and
Blasting Powder.
See also for Kerosene & Whit's
Baptist Church (Janitors) all styles.

WARD'S
-PROCESS-
SOAPs,
-NEW YORK-
BEST FOR ALL USES.
Endorsed and favored by
GEO. K. McMECHEN & SONS,
N. SCHULZ,
H. K. McMECHEN, Selling Agent,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Ask your grocer for it. Save your wrapper
duds.

PATENT BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
250 Pounds New York State Buckwheat Flour,
Patent Process. T. H. L.

R. J. SMYTH.

CHOICE MOLASSES.
I have just received direct from New Orleans 5
Barrels Very Fine Molasses.

R. J. SMYTH.
Corner Market and Fourteenth streets.
1 lb. Standard Granulated Sugar.....\$1.00
1 lb. Extra Soft Sugar.....1.40
d. e. l.

I T'S SURPRISING.

It is surprising how cheap you can get

Ocean and European Railroad Tickets

At H. F. BEHRENS',
217 Market street.

TRY McMECHENS'

Stuffed Mangoes.

They are the finest goods packed.

d. e. l. McMECHEN'S.

WHEELING BAKERY CO.

CRACKERS AND CAKES!

Among the best selling Crackers to-day are

Marvin's Eagle Butter Crackers.

The only Butter Cracker on the market that is

packed so that every cracker is safe—none

broken or cracked.

We are headquarters for Extra Soda Crackers, Lemon Biscuit and Ginger Snaps, Egg Cookies, Carl Wagon, Shortbread, and sugar, Crackers, Nut Crackers and Hard Candy.

Always order Marvin's superior Crackers from your grocer and get the best made.

Remember—WHEELING BAKERY CO.

FEB. 18, 1886.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mt. De CHANTAL ACADEMY,

NEAR WHEELING, W. VA.

The thirty-ninth year of this well-known Acad-

emy, under the charge of the Visitation Nuns, opens on the first Monday of September next, and

continues ten months.

Those who desire to place their daughters in an

institution occupying exceptional advantages in

the way of healthful surroundings, excellent

teachings, thorough discipline and instruction

at the hands of the best teachers, in every depart-

ment of education, including the modern

languages and music, should send for a catalog-

ue of the school.

Address:

Directress of the Academy of the Visitation,

MT. DE CHANTAL

Near Wheeling, W. Va.

FINANCIAL.

EXCHANGE BANK.

CAPITAL \$100,000. PRESENT

J. N. VANCE, President. SAMUEL J. MILLER, Vice-President.

BUSINESS.

J. N. VANCE, W. H. Killenbach, L. S. Indianapolis, A. W. Kelley, John F. Smith.

Drugs on England, Ireland, Scotland, and

all parts in Europe.

JOHN J. JOHNSTON, Cashier.

BALTIMORE.

W. H. Simpson, John K. Nichols, Victor Horowitz.

Henry Atkinson, F. W. H. Fischer, mfr.

DRUGGISTS.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

READING INSURANCE COMPANY,

READING, PA.

ASSURANCE, \$117,000.

St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co.,

St. Paul, Minn.

ASSURANCE, \$1,869,140.

S. P. HILLIARD, AGENT,

10th and Main Street.

THE FRANKLIN INSURANCE CO.

OF WHEELING, W. VA.

CAPITAL \$100,000. INSURANCE ON

ALL CLASSES OF DESIRABLE PROPERTY, ALSO INSUR-

ANCES ON THE WESTERN WATERWAYS.

OFFICES.

J. N. VANCE, President. M. Holly, Vice-Presiden-

tess. SAMUEL J. MILLER, Vice-President.

BALTIMORE.

J. N. VANCE, W. H. Killenbach, L. S. Indianapolis, A. W. Kelley, John F. Smith.

Drugs on England, Ireland, Scotland, and

all parts in Europe.

JOHN J. JOHNSTON, Cashier.

BALTIMORE.

W. H. Simpson, John K. Nichols, Victor Horowitz.

Henry Atkinson, F. W. H. Fischer, mfr.

DRUGGISTS.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

G. SMITH,

Real Estate Agents and

ESTATE BROKERS.

Special Agents given to Collecting Debts and

the general management of Real Estate. Can for-

match the best of references.

120 MAIN ST., WHEELING, W. VA.

LOST CHILDREN.
Why so many Little Ones have been
Lost and the Responsibility
of Parents.

There was probably no happier home in America than that of Mr. James A. Allan of Philadelphia. There is probably none more miserable to-day. Four weeks ago Mr. Allan, the pet of the house, was lost. It is the loss of all his friends. To-day no child's voice is to be heard in the house—lost, for it has been still dead in death. Mrs. Allan noticed that the child was willing, if it failed to take its food properly or with relish, and that something seemed to be troubling it, but she thought it was only of a temporary nature and would soon pass away. She now knows that then was the time to have taken the disease before it had obtained a lodgment in the little child.

Children require more careful attention than adults. They are in the formative period. The slightest influence affects unpleasantly, and it is an easy matter to invite disease. The fathers and mothers of America need not only to be very careful of these things, but to see to it that the child is helped and strengthened by those means which have been proven pure and best. Nothing of modern times is shown so much in the direction of health as the new book by William G. Child, which is attracting so much attention in all the leading Cities of the land, and is being talked about so generally.

The nature of the remedy itself, however, is such that it is unusually adapted for the stoppage of children, while it is none the less valuable when used by the fathers and mothers. It is these qualities which are making it so popular and it is these qualities which are destined to make it the most popular medicine of our time.

"I loaned him over the crumpling wall," this strange man went on to say, "and mused silently over the sleepers who were resting there. How was it with them now? What was it with those whom I had loved and lost? Did they remember me in their new home? Had they one thought of him to whom their very memory was a torture, as deeply had he mourned their loss?

"I asked myself these questions, I heard a step behind me. Turning quickly around, I saw a tall man, dressed in black, coming towards me. The door of the tomb was open—he had come from there?"

"He greeted me with easy familiarity, but there was something so unearthly in his aspect that I could not answer him. His face was pale and thin, his hair long and black, and hanging upon his shoulders in neglected masses, his eyes, black, gloomy, and terrible. I thought of the mysterious picture in my study. Features like feature it was reproduced here before me."

"You may well be startled," he said, with a carefree laugh. "I come from a auspicious locality, but make yourself easy. Though I have just emerged from the grave, I do not always dwell there."

"Do you still insist in your belief of Hashi blood for you—will you have that?"

"He stretched out a white, thin and bloodless hand. A diamond ring of steel interlocked with one of his fingers.

"But I was not to be driven from my purpose by a grave. I had entered that solitude in search of peace—and in the roofed cottage before me it might be found. I unfastened the door and stepped in as I went, whereupon I had touched it and, far up through the tall grass to the door, was fastened with a rusty padlock, which I had the key to. I crept dimly as I entered, and the threshold, sloping suddenly downward, drew me headlong into the room. A thousand voices sounded through the old bones as I fell upon one knee.

"But who are you? How came you there? I stammered. "The door looks as though it never could be opened."

"The door is in the world," he said, carefully, "if you will step inside with me, you will find why I am there."

"It was a mad idea, but the strange adventure thrilled me with a kind of pleasure.

"Lead on, I will follow you," I said. "We went down two narrow, moss-grown steps, and stood within the entrance of the tomb. In the vault beyond a fire was burning beneath a crucible, and several old and worn-out manuscripts were thrown crazily around. A child's casket was standing beside the fire; but it was empty, and only used as a seat. Far back, in the distance, I could see the moon on the side of the tomb glisten in the dust of the earth.

"It was a strange companion left me standing beside the door, and going forward, took the crucible from the fire. He shook it, looked earnestly into it, poured a few drops of water into it, and stirred the liquid with a small rod of iron.

"It is in vain. I have failed again," I said. "The rod did not feel the heat of the fire, and the hot rod fell from his hands, and he sat down listlessly and despondent, on the little couch.

"You are an alchemist," I said, suddenly, thinking I had found the clue to his secret.

"It was much smaller than the other—more and more cheerful. Through the broken easement came the perfume of the red roses which grew outside, and the moonlight fell in broken patches on the floor. This room was also paneled, but it was painted prettily—some like delicate tint, that was more like doya color than anything else I can call to mind, while the door looked like clean green marble.

"In this room I found the few articles of furniture which I had ordered—a table, a chair, a sofa, a book-case, and my writing-table. I laid myself down in an easy chair that stood by the window, and I heard the fragrance of the roses while I lay.

"It will advise every one with a taste for reading to seek for it, and I hope it will be well received."

"It is a lonely road," he said, "but a road well worth traveling."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."

"I am a failure, but I have done my best," he said, "and I have given up the struggle."